

Something Within

by XxScriboxX

Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-10-30 23:45:45

Updated: 2013-05-25 23:10:10

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:03:55

Rating: M

Chapters: 7

Words: 19,929

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A doctor is out to make a name for herself and she wants to do it by figuring out Michael Myers. In her short time working with him she makes an impression on the supposedly mindless killer. When she is fired she never imagined he would come after her.

1. Chapter 1

****1990. September 22nd****

Dr. Charlotte Hurst had arrived at Danvers State Mental Hospital only one hour before her first session with the notorious killer Michael Myers. She had been contacted by the hospital for the criminally insane after her most recent book on the inner mental workings of Psychopaths and Sociopaths made the best sellers list. She had been the leader in the field of the criminally insane and at the young age of twenty five. She had been the youngest graduate ever of Stanford University and had published some of the most ground breaking and controversial research since Bandura and Freud.

When doctor after doctor failed to get through to Michael Myers the medical review board at Danver's decided calling in the impressive, if young, Psychotherapist couldn't hurt. They had nothing to lose at any rate. She came into the building with a bright, excited smile. Only moments after setting her things down in her new office she asked to see her newest patient. When she entered the small room she saw the man, thirty three years in age, secured tightly to the arms of his chair. A table was placed directly in front of him and he was staring at it blankly.

"If you could leave us alone, please," Charlotte said as three other doctors followed her in.

"Dr. Hurst, this is a very dangerous man," Dr. Hirsch told her and she smiled softly.

"I understand that, but he is secured, you may watch through that

window there, and he has no weapon. Please. I know what I am doing," she said and the three older men looked at each other but soon nodded and slowly left the room. Charlotte turned with a satisfied smile and placed her things on the table. "Hello, Michael."

The man in question said nothing but continued to stare down at the table with a vacant expression. Charlotte sat down and looked across from him. In her hand was a pen and she scribbled down initial observations as they sat in silence.

_Non-responsive. Cold. Vacant expression. Little/no activity in eyes. Shoulders set firmly. Head hung low. _

"Do you think you will talk to me Michael?" she asked and he did nothing. Charlotte tapped her pen on her notebook. "Do you need anything Michael?"

The slightest movement of his eyes caught her attention and she bit the inside of her cheek. _Eye movement at offer for aid/sustenance/help. _

"I can get you something. More blankets? Better food perhaps?" she asked again. He remained still. _Breathing quickens. _"Michael?"

The man in front of her jerked in his restraints and the entire chair, which had been bolted down onto the floor, shook. Charlotte raised her hand toward the two way mirror to her left. She didn't want the doctors running inside and shutting everything down. He jerked a few for more times before he sat still and Charlotte scribbled down in her notebook.

_Violent reaction. _

"Michael, I'm here to help you," she said gently. His head jerked to the side and he looked down at the floor in front of him. Charlotte watched him a few moments before standing and collecting her things. "My name is Doctor Charlotte Hurst. You can call me Charlotte if you like. Or Lottie, my friends call me Lottie and I would like to be friends with you Michael."

She smiled at him but he continued to stare blankly at the floor. When she exited the interview room a few of the doctors approached her with angry or troubled expressions. She waited patiently for them to speak.

"You shouldn't speak to him like that," Dr. Hirsch said.

"Like what?" She asked and placed her hand in her white coat jackets.

"Like he's a—" Dr. Hirsch paused a moment and Dr. Larson finished for him.

"Human," the doctor said and Charlotte laughed.

"He is a human being, gentlemen," she said and looked at her notes. "You'll never reach him if you treat him like a psychopath. Psychopaths, they don't think of themselves in those terms. If I am to get anywhere I need to reach into what is inside of him."

"There's nothing there, Miss Hurst," the arrogant Dr. Hanson said and Charlotte smiled coolly.

"It's Doctor Hurst thanks, and there is something, otherwise he would not be alive," she said. "As evil as it may be, there's something inside of that man. Good day Gentlemen. I'll be in my office if you need me."

Charlotte walked past the three doctors and into her office. Her office was a modest size, but not uncomfortable. She was used to being the new doctor on sites and was always given the worst accommodations. It was ok with her, as long as she could work she was happy. She wrote out her first report on prisoner W31-3691-78, also known as Michael Myers. He had been different than she had imagined him. The horror stories she had heard gave birth to a vision of a large, brutal, savage looking man with the look of pure evil about him. Michael Myers though, the man she had seen, was tall and well built, but nothing monstrous, and he didn't look evil. He looked vacant.

There was nothing all that remarkable about him. His hair was a dull walnut color, and his face was that of a normal, almost plain man. We he not her patient, she might even say he was handsome. His eyes though, they did give her something to think about. They were a dark, deep brown that some could mistake for almost black. She would not, however, say they were absolutely void. There was little there, no surface emotion could be seen within them, but there was thought going on behind his eyes.

What he was thinking, that was the frightening part. She had written an article on Michael Myers, based on police reports and other books written by his previous doctors and was viciously attacked by Dr. Loomis on her findings. The Dr. had his mind set on the man being a void of emotion, evil incarnate. Charlotte didn't believe that. There was _always _something more going on beneath the surface. That is why she got into psychology in the first place. To understand what made people tick. And Michael Myers, he had to be the most interesting case she had ever, and ever hoped to, come across. And she certainly wouldn't let these others doctors interfere with her work. Their methods had obviously not worked. She would be damned if they made her bend to their view of psychological medicine.

Charlotte sighed as she finished writing her report. Couple more hundred of those and she might be able to write something substantial. She just needed to be patient. She'd get through that surface eventually.

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Charlotte walked into the interview room to see Michael seated in his chair with his head down. When Charlotte sat down at the table Michael's eyes moved upward slightly so he would watched her in his peripheral.

"Hello Michael," she said as she sat down and placed her things on the table. "Think you are going to talk to me today?"

He said nothing and Charlotte opened a folder on the table. She took out a few photographs and placed them face down a few feet away from

him. His eyes scanned over the pictures slowly but he made no other move.

"Did you sleep well Michael?" Again she was met with silence. She scribbled down some notes and flipped over one of the photos. It was placed directly in front of Michael and she saw his eyes move back and first across the photograph. It was subtle. If you were not looking for a reaction it would not be seen but it was there.

Reaction to photo of mother

"Do you remember her Michael?" she asked and he looked down from the photo. His body stayed so still the doctors watching from the other side of the glass thought she was getting no response. "I bet it hurt that she never came to visit you. Did it?"

His hands curled into slight fists on the chair. Again, so subtle that those who thought he was a monster void of emotion would miss it. His short hair fell forward to cover his forehead.

"Were you sad or angry Michael?" she asked. "Please speak to me? I'm not like these others doctors you know. I know you're a person too."

His eyes shifter to the left and she was quiet a moment. When she flipped over the other photo he looked away again. He refused to even look at the one of his only living sister. She was with him forty minutes when she decided to leave. Before she closed the door behind her she turned her head to get one last glance at her new patient. To her utter excitement and budding fear he was looking right at her.

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****September 29****th****, 1990****

"I'd like to observe him in his room," Charlotte said as she left their seventh session together. She had been at Danver's a week and had not yet seen his holding cell.

"That can't be done," Dr. Larson said and Charlotte raised an eyebrow.

"And why not?" she asked crossing her arms. "He is my patient. I should have full access to him."

"You would, if he were not so dangerous. He's escaped two mental facilities before--"

"Yes, a minimum security and while he was being transferred. He will not escape simply because I am watching him in his rooms. I also," she said before he could respond. "want to have my sessions in his room. He will be more comfortable in there. More likely to open up to me."

"Dr. I hate to say this but he will not open up. There is nothing in that man. He's empty." Charlotte smiled shrugged.

"I'll be there to observe him twelve to one tomorrow. I will then

speak to him in his room from one to two thirty," she said and turned to walk away.

"Dr. Hurst please. Speaking to him, _at _him for so long, it could trigger something."

"Isn't that what I want?" she asked as she walked away. "Any reaction is better than none."

"You're playing with fire girl!" Larson called and Charlotte stopped walking. Her jaw clenched and she stalked back to the older man angrily.

"I don't care if you dislike my methods, Doctor, but I do care when you disrespect me so blatantly. I'm as much a doctor as you are. Now you back off and let me deal with my patient as I see fit. I'll be at his room for observation noon tomorrow. If you still feel the need to supervise me, then be there."

She walked away from the silent, simmering doctor angrily and slammed the door to her office when she arrived. They thought she wouldn't be able to reach Michael Myers. She'd show them.

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September

Michael sat unmoving in his room the entire hour Charlotte watched him. He sat in his chair, his flimsy robe wrapped tightly around him, staring at the wall in front of him, just as Dr. Loomis had described in his books. Charlotte couldn't stand Dr. Loomis. He did nothing to try to help the sick man and instead only attempted to make money off of him. She shook her head to herself as she watched Michael. He looked, to her, so normal. She would read the police reports at night to remind herself what he was capable of. She wouldn't allow herself to become delusional, to think that the man was good. No. Her argument was that there was something there, that something wasn't necessarily good.

"I'm ready to go in," she told the guard and he nodded. Dr. Larson had decided not to come supervise. The guard opened the door first and drew a baton that was at his side. She realized a taser was fastened to the end of the baton.

"Alright Myers, stand up and get onto the restraint chair," he said and the man stayed seated. "Myers, get up. Now!"

"Michael," Charlotte said and his head turned to the side slightly, as if to hear better. "Please do as the man says."

Michael stayed seated for a few moments. When the guard was about to yell again he stood from the small wooden chair and walked over slowly to the one that had multiple, padded restraints on it. Charlotte would guess he was around six two, a tall man but nothing extraordinary. Even without superhuman height, he towered over her smaller frame and Charlotte took a small step back. When he was seated he placed his arms on the arms of the chairs and placed his palms down at the edge as he was supposed to. Charlotte stared at his hands as the guard strapped down his legs, arms, chest and abdomen to

the chair.

"You can wait outside," Charlotte said when the guard was done and he frowned.

"I don't think I should. He's-

"tied upâ€¦please," she said and he nodded reluctantly, heading out of the room. "Can I sit in your chair Michael?" she asked and took the chair he had been sitting in. She moved it so it was placed in front of him. He said nothing but moved his eyes up toward her. She had come to believe that meant he was ok with something. He still had yet to speak, and she doubted he ever would at this point; it had been over two decades since he had after all. But he had started making eye contact with her, but only when she asked him questions. When he glanced up at her she smiled and took her seat. Once she had he looked back down at the floor. He tugged gently on the restraints, as if tested them, and Charlotte looked at him nervously. When he settled back down she let out a breath and smiled.

"It's cold in here, isn't it?" she asked and he looked at her a moment. "I'll get you more blankets. Your gown is too thin for this temperature."

She stood from her chair, unaware that his eyes were following her. She walked over to his bed and looked up at the vent in the ceiling. A frown covered her lips and she tilted her head.

"Well that's not right," she said and reached up toward the vent. Her finger tips just managed to push the slide over and the heat began pumping into the room. "Your vent was turned off." She told him as she took her seat again. She crossed her legs and looked at Michael who was looking at the ground. "I wish you would talk to me Michael."

She looked around the small white room and smiled sadly. She couldn't imagine such an abominable existence. She almost pitied him. Almost.

"Would you like to watch some TV Michael? I could get you some TV time if you wanted?" she asked but Michael kept his eyes on the floor. She's worked with children before and when they looked at the floor it was usually in an act of submission, but when Michael did it, it was as if he were just waiting. Waiting for what she didn't know. She watched him, attempted to coax sometime of reaction from him but nothing happened. He stared at the floor the full hour and a half she spoke with him. When she looked at her watch and saw it was two thirty she sighed and got up. "I'll see you tomorrow Michael. I'll see what I can do about that TV." She said and left the room.

Michael's eyes raised from the floor as she turned her back to him and watched her leave. Only one thing was circulating around his mind for the rest of the night. He barely registered the guard fastening him down to the bed for the night. His mind was stuck on one thing only.

Lottie

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****October 5****th**** 1990****

"What's this I heard about you sending a TV into Myers' room for a few hours?" Dr. Larson asked as he entered Charlotte's office. Her hair was in a messy bun and she had put on no makeup. She had fallen asleep at her office trying to finish her latest report on Michael and woke up stiff and sore.

"He needs stimulation," Charlotte said and rubbed her eyes.

"Stimulation is the last thing he needs," Larson snapped.

"I was called in here with the understanding that I could study him as I saw fit. As long as no one was put in danger I could do what I wanted with him. Well, if I am to figure out how he works I need to get him interacting with people. Watching TV may help things," she told him and rubbed her forehead.

"Well, I have sent in a formal complaint to the head of Danver's Medical review team. I've requested your immediate job termination."

"Why would you do such a thing?" she asked him horrified and he scowled at her.

"You don't understand that thing. You just a little girl way above her head. You should be hearing from the board within the week. Good day," he said and shut the door. Charlotte was left alone and she looked down at the reports in front of her. She had gotten so far and done so much work in such a short amount of time. The knowledge that that could soon be all over sent a wave of desperation and depression to wash over her and she laid her head down on her reports and cried.

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****October 7****th****, 1990****

Charlotte packed a small stack of her most important things to move out. Everything else would be shipped to her soon after she vacated the premises. Because it was such a high security hospital she was required to leave immediately. As Charlotte walked out of her office she passed a smug Dr. Larson who leaned against a wall with his arms crossed arrogantly across his chest. Charlotte said nothing, but scowled at him as she passed him. As she left the hospital she felt a sense of loss at no longer being able to speak to the notorious Michael Myers.

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****October 10****th****, 1990****

Lottie hadn't come to see him in three days. The first day he felt the budding sense of annoyance at being left in his room all day alone. They had taken the TV from his room in the middle of his promised hour and he was told Dr. Hurst, Lottie, would not be coming to speak to him today. He at first assumed them to be liars. The doctors, nurses, guards, they always lied to him. Not Lottie though

and she promised him TV time. She also told him the day before she would see him tomorrow.

He waited the next day for her to come back and talk to him. Despite having no windows and no clocks he could tell the time of day quite easily. He knew breakfast meant morning, lunch meant afternoon, dinner meant evening. Lottie came to him between lunch and dinner. When Dinner came, and Lottie had not come see him he had grown angry and thrown his dinner at the guard as he retreated from the room. The guard hit him a few times with his baton before leaving him alone with no food for the night.

Today he finished his lunch and set it by the door as he was expected to before going back down to his chair. He waited until his dinner came before he once again felt the urge to kill pump through him. Whenever someone opened the door to his cell, and it was not his Lottie, he felt his anger jump a level.

Where's Lottie

He kept repeating it over and over in his head waiting for an answer but none came. He tightened his hands around the arms of his chair until his knuckles were tight and white.

Where was Lottie?

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October 13**th****, 1990**

11 P.M

An alarm ran rang through the halls of Danvers at 11 P.M Friday night. Three Guards had been found dead, they skulls crushed against the concrete walls of the basement cell walls. When the lead Doctors discovered the bodies they immediately sent guards to Myers' room but he was nowhere to be found. The door was left ajar and his outer hospital robe was on the floor soaked with blood.

11:21

Michael found the small room that still had the name Dr. Charlotte Hurst written on the window. He nearly ripped the handle from the door in order to open the door and he flicked the lights on. He looked around the empty room before approaching the desk. Her things were still scattered about but he could tell she had not been there for a while. Everything was in perfect order and her little day calendar had not been flipped since the tenth. He glanced over the desk once more and spotted a small picture on the desk.

Lottie was in the picture along with another woman he didn't know nor care about. He picked the picture up and titled his head. With one fluid motion he ripped the picture in half so only Lottie remained. Satisfied he kept the photo in his hand and headed for the door.

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11:35

Larson got the call just as he finished his report on prisoner H11-4691-79 when his door burst open. He nearly fell from his chair when he looked over to see the blank face of Michael Myers in the door way. He reached for the phone but before he could react Myers ripped the cord from the wall rendering it useless.

The killer approached him and Larson shrunk back into his chair raising his hands in self-defense. He was momentarily dumb struck when a photo was shoved in his face and he looked up at the killer. Determination covered his face.

"What-wha-"

The Killer shook his hand and brought the photo closer to the doctor before pointing at it with the other. The doctor nodded. His breathing had become heavy and he was sweaty profusely.

"Dr. Hurst? Yes, she, she was fired," he said and Michael looked at the picture.

Fired?

"She isn't here anymore," he said and Michael crumpled the picture onto a ball in frustration. "What-"

Before the doctor could speak Myer's picked up the phone from the table and began to beat the arrogant doctor over the head brutally. Blood splattered across the room and onto the Killer's gown. Once the life had gone from the doctor Myers looked at him a moment. He could hear the ringing of the siren but he was not concerned. Instead of hurrying he calmly peeled away the doctors close and placed them on. They were slightly too big for him but once he placed the white lab coat over his shoulders he looked like any other doctor walking the halls. Luckily for him the doctors kept him secluded. No other patient or doctor outside of three, one of which he just killed, had seen him at any closeness to be able to identify him.

Satisfied with himself Myers turned away from the bleeding body slumped back in the chair and turned his back to leave.

He had a doctor to find.

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AN: My first Halloween fic so please be kind! I hope you guys like it!

Please let me know what you think and review!

2. Chapter 2

October 14**nd****, 1990**

Northwestern University

1:45 pm

"But some of the best known psychopathic killers showed thorough planning before committing their crimes," Freddie said from the front

row of one of Northwestern University's best lecture halls.

"Ah, but you can be impulsive and still be thoughtful can't you?" Charlotte asked her student from the front of the classroom. She leaned against her desk as she faced her students. She truly enjoyed her new job and was lucky to have gotten a teaching position so quickly but she missed working with patients. "Yes Lucy?"

"I think the impulsiveness comes in the form of not thinking ahead at the possible consequences of their actions, not so much in their ability to plan the actual crime," a Master's student in the back of the room offered. Charlotte nodded her head and let Freddie respond.

"But by saying someone is impulsive; it suggests a lack of planning doesn't it? I mean how can a person who meticulously plans their crimes be impulsive?"

"Because even by planning they are impulsive and reckless. Like, this person plans to the detail how to murder his wife right, but once he's done he has no plan on how to cover it up or get away with it. He was too busy thinking on the act, not the consequences," Lucy countered.

"But the act itself is not impulsive. It's planned, the person is just short sighted about it," Freddie argued.

"Short sightedness is impulsive," Lucy said.

"Short sightedness is not the same things as impulsiveness," Freddie said but Charlotte held up her hand before Lucy could respond.

"I hate to do this to you all. Great discussion today but it's time for you to go. Look over the case file of Kenneth Taylor for Monday," She said and turned to collect her things. She paused when she realized no one had moved. "Yes?"

"Professor Hurst?" Freddie asked with a sheepish smile. "We were wondering if you could tell us what Michael Myers was like."

Charlotte sighed and looked down at her things. She was still upset over being fired and being robbed of her opportunity to work with the notorious murderer. It was her dream to work with someone as psychologically fascinating as Michael Myers and she was unlikely to get such a chance again. She was not one, however to deny her students information she herself acquired.

"He was incomparable to anything I have ever seen before," she said and the others watched her with grim expressions. "I wasn't there long enough to be able to tell you anything substantial but I can tell you this. There is something in that brain of his. He isn't a breathing machine programmed to kill. There was thought going on behind those eyes and I was able to see it. I want you all to remember that the next time you bring a Samuel Loomis book into my classroom."

Some of the students laughed softly but others were too disturbed by the thought of Michael Myers to do anything but frown. The students all rose from their seats as Charlotte placed her things in her

bag.

"Thanks, Professor,"

"Bye, Professor,"

"Have a good day, Ma'am,"

He students said as they filed out of the room. Charlotte smiled and nodded at them as they passed before following her last student out and locking the classroom door. She was having trouble getting Michel Myers out of her head. She had been fascinated before. Now that she had been able to be in the same room as him sit across from him and talk to him, she was downright obsessed. She went through every piece of paperwork she had on the Myers case. She reviewed her own notes every night looking for any little clue she could find on who he was inside his head.

The more and more she searched the more frustrated she grew. She would never be able to get anywhere deeper into her analysis of him if she couldn't see him again. She felt her blood boil as she thought about that asshole Larson. What she wouldn't give to set Michael loose on him for a few moments. A good scare would do the arrogant prick well.

She pulled her coat around her tightly as she stepped outside into the chilly air and made her way to her car. She had found a comfortable apartment only a few miles from school and she enjoyed the walk to and from campus. Especially in fall, it being her favorite season. Leaves scraped across the ground as the wind took hold of them and a strand of Charlotte's honey colored fell out of its bun.

The streets were relatively empty, as they usually were this time of day. Children were not yet back from school and parents were not back from work. It was nice to be out alone with her thoughts and the chilly breeze was oddly comforting. As she walked her mind melted back to Michael Myers. His eyes had been so dark. It wasn't even just the color that made them so dark, it was what was underneath them. The relative blankness seemed to her just a cover for the tumultuous sea of emotion she knew had to lie beneath the surface.

She believed that some people were born broken, born wrong, but she didn't believe a person could be born completely without emotion. Even sociopaths had basic emotions. Dr. Loomis was a brilliant man but he got so wrapped up in his belief that Michael Myers was emotionless and nothing but a vassal for pure evil that he lost sight of his job as a doctor. His responsibility should have been to take care of Michael try to figure him out, not treat him like he was less than human.

She was ripped from her thoughts when she heard her name called and heavy footsteps approaching her from behind. She spun around and saw a small group of her students running towards her.

"Professor Hurst!"

"Dr. Hurst!"

They called. Freddie was among the pack of students running toward

her and she walked up to meet them. As they ran a few of them waved newspapers in the air and shouted over each other.

"He's out! He's out!" Jason yelled and Charlotte felt her small smile slipping from her lips.

"What?" she asked and Freddie held his newspaper out. She read the newspaper headline three times before it began to sink in. She blinked repeatedly as she processed the news.

'_MICHAEL MYERS ESCAPES DANVERS STATE MEDICAL HOSPITAL: FOUR DEAD IN MURDERERS WAKE'_

She took the newspaper from Freddie's hand and scanned the article. Not much was said about the details of the escape and the article contained mostly history and speculation. Her students watched her intently and waited for her response.

"Think he'll go back to Haddonfield?" Jason asked and Charlotte looked away from the newspaper and up toward him.

"What? Oh, yes, I suspect he would," she said and glanced back at the newspaper before murmuring. "He always goes home."

"Only a couple more weeks until Halloween," Richard said and Jason smiled.

"You know what that means," Jason said and made a stabbing motion with his hand. Freddie hit him in the arm and motioned to Charlotte with a jerk of his head. Charlotte stared at the newspaper a few more moments before looking up at her students.

"Can I have this Freddie?" she asked and Freddie nodded.

"Sure thing doc," he said and Charlotte smiled.

"Thanks."

"See you Monday," he said and the small group of students went away. Their professor's discomfort was obvious and no one wanted to prod her for a reaction right now. Charlotte walked back to the small home she rented with two other women slowly. She read the article multiple times, sticking to the parts about the escape. Dr. Larson, Dr. Hirsch and two security guards had been killed in the escape. One of the guards had been found stripped down to his underwear, Michael's gown piled on top of him. It was suspected he had dressed in the guards clothing and simply walked out the front door.

A chill went down Charlotte's spine and she stood at her front door. The thought that Michael Myers was out there somewhere free to do what he wanted, free to _kill _again, was terrifying. She could only imagine the horror he would bring down on countless people. When she stepped into the house she quickly shut the door and locked the door.

"Hey, Charlotte I was-" One of her roommates Jessica, stopped speaking mid-sentence when Charlotte jumped and cried out in surprise.

"Jesus Christ Jessica," Charlotte said and Jessica laughed.

"Sorry, I just wanted to tell you that I was going out for the night. Christina is watching TV. In a real bitch mood too," Jessica said as she put on her coat. Charlotte nodded. She had half the mind to tell Jessica not to go out but they were miles from Danvers _and _Haddonfield. Michael wouldn't be anywhere near here.

"Drive safe," Charlotte said as Jessica went out the door and walked into the living room. "I need to put the news on real quick."

"No," Christina said as she stared at the screen.

"It's important," Charlotte said and Christina looked at her and raised her eye brows.

"And I care?"

"Just a few minutes. Michael Myers-"

"Oh God enough with fucking Michael Myers," Christina said. "I'm so fucking sick of hearing about him. He's a psycho killer. Stop being so fucking obsessed with him." Charlotte frowned at the younger woman.

"He escaped," Charlotte said and Christina took a sip of her soda.

"whoopdie fucking doo," she said. "I don't live in Haddonfield."

Charlotte rolled her eyes angrily and turned to go into her bedroom. The girl infuriated Charlotte and the less she talked to her the better. When she got into her bedroom Charlotte curled up on the bed and stared at the newspaper a few more times before tossing it to the side. She rolled over onto her stomach and buried her face in the pillow.

Exhaustion set in and Charlotte felt herself slowly falling to sleep. The last thing she could remember thinking was whether or not Michael found his jumpsuit and mask in storage before he left the hospital.

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7:36pm

Charlotte woke up to a thud and a yelp. She looked over at her clock with tired squinted eyes and groaned. She wouldn't sleep at all tonight. She usually did her best not to nap during the day but the news of Michael had taken a lot out of her. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. She heard another large bang from downstairs and a frown settled over her face. She slid off of her bed and walked into the hallway.

"Christina? Are you drunk?" Charlotte called from the top of the stares. "I don't want to have to carry you upstairs again."

She was answered with silence and Charlotte shook her head. She was about to turn and go back into her room when she heard the sound of a body hitting the floor. She knew that sound. Christina liked to drink

and more than once Charlotte had witnessed her falling over or passing out on the floor. What struck Charlotte was odd was that she got drunk so early and usually Christina came home drunk. She never got drunk at the house.

She felt her way down the stairs and groped the wall for the light switch. It got dark so early now that it might as well have been the middle of the night. She felt the light switch at the tip of her fingers and flicked it upward. She waited for the living room to fill with light but nothing happened. She continued to stand in the dark, eerily quiet, house.

"Fuck," Charlotte whispered and took the final step off the stairs.

A sudden shriek left her throat as she felt something against her hip and she threw herself to the side. A laugh bubbled up in her throat when she saw it was the very frightening fake fuchsia Jessica just had to buy that she had bumped into. She froze when she felt something against her bare foot and she kneeled down slowly. She immediately recognized the object she placed her hand down as Christina's face.

"Christina?" she whispered, a sudden ache of fear settling in her stomach. "Christina?"

She shook her housemate's body but she got no response in return. Charlotte tried to contain her panic as she stood and backed away slowly. She turned to go to the kitchen. She prayed the phone still worked even though the power was out. Before she could complete her turn however her shoulder collided with something hard and warm and she stumbled backward. A yelp left her throat and she looked up at the source.

When her eyes landed on him she at first couldn't process the information. Her mouth went dry and she felt as if her chest caved in terror seized her entire body. The white mask appeared to glow in the dark room and his body looked taller and stronger in that blue jumpsuit than it ever did in the hospital.

Reading the police reports she had never been able to fully appreciate the sheer terror his victims must have felt before they died. Now she could. When he took a step forward she stumbled backward and collided with the coffee table. The back of knees hit the glass covered wood and she fell backward onto the table.

He approached her slowly and calmly, the knife gleaming in the moonlight. His actions were always controlled, he never rushed. She remembered writing about that in one of her articles about him. All the eye witnesses said the same thing. He never ran. He never rushed. Even when things went horribly wrong he remained unaffected.

She felt tears touch her eyes as he came closer to her and she waited. She knew her chances of escaping were slim to none. He'd catch her before she could get two feet. He could snap her like a twig if he wanted but something told her he'd much rather use that big knife he had in his hand. His right arm rose over her and Charlotte put her hands up.

She supposed some would think it ironic that she was murdered by

Michael Myers considering how much of her life she had spent studying him, but to her it felt like a horrible betrayal of some sort. She was no doubt ridiculous to feel betrayed by Michael Myers, he owed her nothing special, but she had tried too hard to reach him. She had tried so hard to understand him and now he was going to kill her like she was just anyone else.

"Michael!" she cried when he suddenly jerked his hand down and he froze. She screwed her eyes shut and waited for the feeling of the blade ripping into her flesh but it didn't come. When she recovered some courage she opened her eyes and looked up at her former patient. The white mask stared down at her blankly but she could see his eyes. They had the look she used to attribute to him trying to make his mind up on something. "Michael?" she asked more softly and to her utter amazement he dropped his knife yielding hand.

Charlotte sat up on the table and looked up at him cautiously. She didn't know how to go about this. Every psychopath she had spoken to had been in a hospital, not two feet from her with a knife in his hand. She flinched when he slowly brought up his left hand and hovered his fingertips over her cheek bone. She could feel his fingertips on her face even though he didn't touch her. It was like an electrical charge that caused goosebumps to erupt all over her skin. As she watched him she felt a swell of happiness rush up inside of her. He wasn't going to kill her! Maybe, just maybe, he had formed some type of attachment to her as a human being. In that moment she felt that everything she had done in her life, granted it was only twenty five years, was worth it. She had done the impossible. If only she knew exactly what kind of attachment Michael had formed.

Her surge of triumph quickly began to fade as she watched him raise his knife again, but before she could feel the inevitable terror that would soon flood through her he jerked his hand down, bringing the handle of the blade down on her forehead.

Her vision immediately went black and fell forward, landing completely unconscious at his boots.

(())(())

October 15**th**

1:03 am

The agony splitting through Charlotte's head was nearly unbearable. A moan left her as she stirred awake. It took her a few minutes to open her eyes and once she did she was struck with the frightening realization that she was in the back of a car, her hands bound at the wrists, and her legs bound at the ankles. The night's events came flooding back into her in waves and she tried to lift her head to the front of the car. The moment she did black spots covered her vision and she felt her world spin.

"Oh, God," she moaned and pressed her face into the leather interior of the car. She opened her eyes slowly as she turned toward the driver of the car. "Michael?"

Her voice was soft but more than a whisper and she knew he heard her. He said nothing in response though and did not even so much as tilt his head. She tried to wrack her brain for a logical reason he would

take her with him wherever it was he was going. Michael Myers didn't take prisoners, he either decided you weren't worth killing for some reason or he killed you. There was no in-between.

She may not have been overly surprised had he not killed her and moved on. But him taking her was something she couldn't understand, and not just because she was suffering from a rather serious concussion. Her thoughts were muddled and confused as she tried to get a grip on herself. A sharp wave of nausea came over her and she hung her head over the side of the seat. She moaned softly before vomiting onto the car floor.

"I have a concussion, Michael," she said but again got no response. She felt herself slipping back into sleep but she fought against it. She couldn't sleep now. Concussions could be dangerous and it was best not to sleep when suffering from them. Also, she didn't like the vulnerability sleeping would expose her too while in Michael Myer's presence. A sharp turn of the car had her once again heaving and her head protested in agony.

(())(())

October 15**th**

6:19 am

She didn't know how much time passed until the car finally stopped but the sun was just coming over the horizon when it did.

"Michael? What are you doing?" she asked as he got out of the car. She managed to pull herself up into a sitting position and look out the front of the car. Michael walked toward the front of the house slowly and calmly, as he did everything else.

_Psychopaths do not recognize the risk of being caught or injured as a result of their behavior. _

She remembered writing it in her dissertation but had never personally witnessed a psychopath committing a crime. It was chilling to watch Michael walk and know he had no concerns or worry about the mass hysteria that had been created by his escape.

When a middle aged man she would not hesitate to call a redneck walked out of the door holding a shot gun she felt her stomach drop. Her eyes went to Michael who did not stop his stride at all. She knew the outcome before she saw it play out before her. The man called something to Michael she couldn't quite understand from inside the car but Michael kept walking. The man let off a shot into the air but Michael didn't as much as flinch.

Charlotte lowered her head when she saw Michael climb the steps to the small cabin. She kept herself from letting herself cry but lowered her head to her knees. When the car door opened she allowed herself to be pulled from the car by her arm. Michael's warm, large hand wrapped around her bicep and gripped her firmly. She fell to the ground, unable to balance on her bound legs.

When she hit the ground a small sob escaped her and tears leaked out of her eyes. Michael stood over her for a moment, watching her silently. She could feel his eyes on her and when she collected

herself she looked up slowly. She sniffed when her eyes landed on his white, expressionless mask.

She looked into his dark eyes but inside there was no sign, no clue, of the reason why he took her with him. As they looked at each other she tried to come to terms with her new situation.

She was in the middle of nowhere, bound at the hands and feet, and completely and utterly at the mercy of none other than Michael Myers.

(())(())

AN: Thanks soo much to everyone who reviewed. You inspire me! I hope you guys like the new chapter. Please tell me what you think!

3. Chapter 3

_A/N: My story takes into account the first two movies (except for the whole him being lit on fire in an explosion thing) but there will be little bits and pieces of the others. _

(())(())

October 15**th**

6:21 am

Michael watched her droop her head in defeat and recognition. He allowed himself the fleeting feeling of gratitude that he had not killed her when she came downstairs back at the house. He had heard her speak but it was not until she said his name that he knew it was her. She was the only one that used his name. The other doctors had picked up where Loomis left off and began referring to him as 'it'. It didn't bother him, not in the sense it would bother a normal person. But when his Lottie first came in to speak to him and greeted him like he had seen others greet each other there was a strange pressure in his chest that seeped warmth into his body. It was one of the strangest feelings he had ever encountered. He was skeptical of it at first but he soon came to the understanding that it was a good feeling. Something he wanted again.

His first urge when he realized he had found his Lottie was to touch her. It was again a new desire for him. He wanted to touch her to know she was real, that he had actually found her. He couldn't bring himself to touch her though. There was a type of barrier he felt erected between them. Every day she had come to speak to him, her hair pulled back neatly, glasses resting on her face, her pristine white lab coat not all that different from his white hospital gown. She had been his doctor, unobtainable. When she was in the same room he had been bound, tied up like an animal and unable to go near her.

That was why the first thing he did once he had her unconscious was bind her. He was the one in control now and he could do as he pleased. He circled the duct tape around her ankles more times than he could remember, just to be sure that she could not break free. When he bound her wrists he was a bit more careful and was even thoughtful enough to wrap her wrists in a piece of ripped fabric

before binding them with the tape.

It turned out to have been a good thing he had not taped over her mouth. But it was not the possibility of a concussion and the likely vomiting that came along with it that had stopped him. In fact he had never considered the dangers of striking her over the head. He knew it would not kill her and that was all that mattered. In the end though, it was his desire to hear her speak that made the final decision. He wanted to hear his name on her lips.

When she woke up in the car he had been glad to hear her voice again. He had come to the understanding in the hospital that when she walked in and he felt the small spread of warmth in his body, that it had been what others would call happiness. Had he deemed the information worthy enough he would have informed someone he was feeling an emotion he had heard Loomis say multiple times was beyond him. Talking had always seemed useless to him. Speech was something that should only be used in a time of complete and utter necessity. Michael, since the age of six had never felt such a necessity. There was nothing worth vocalizing.

Michael reached down and scooped the little doctor up in his arms and carried her like a new bride into the house. He stepped over the dead man, a shot gun still in his hand, without a care. Lottie looked down at the man only briefly before turning away her face scrunched up and a tear coming from her eye.

Inside the house it was small but comfortable for two people. Once inside he placed her down gently on the floor, aware she had something called a concussion that was causing her discomfort. He took his knife from his pocket and walked the bottom story of the house. He heard no noise, except the occasional snuffle from Lottie. When he finished his search of the first story he went to check on Lottie. When he was comfortable with the knowledge she had made no attempt to run he searched the upper story. There were no pictures in the house which gave Michael the impression that the man had lived alone and no one would come looking for him. It was useful seeing how Lottie would need a place to sleep, eat and stay warm. Things Michael had never bothered to provide himself with.

"Michael?" he heard Lottie's voice from down the stairs and he followed her voice. When he got to the bottom of the stairs he scooped her into his arms once again and carried her into the living room. "Michael, I need ice for my head."

He put her down on the couch so she was sitting upright. Her small hands resting in her lap and her feet planted on the floor for balance. He looked at her a moment and frowned underneath his mask. Dried, rusty colored blood coated her forehead and matted the side of her hair. He hadn't meant to make her bleed. He had been hit over the head countless times but had never bled. Lottie must be more fragile than he originally thought.

(())(())

**7:06pm **

"Michael, please. My head hurts so bad," Charlotte told him but he continued to stare at her.

_The mental processing of a psychopath is more cognitive than emotional. _

Charlotte sighed and her shoulders dropped. She was about to give up when Michael stood and walked out of the room. It took him ten minutes to return but he had with him two cloths and a small bag of ice. He handed her a cloth and a bag of ice before rather forcefully pressing the damp cloth into her bloody forehead. Charlotte grimaced but said nothing. Michael's actions may have been rough but he thought he was helping her. She didn't think chastising him would get a positive reaction out of him. She sat through the pain as he wiped the blood away from her face before rising the ice to what she was sure a sizable bruise and bump on her head. Michael stared down at the cloth for a moment before dropping it on the table. Charlotte kept her eyes on the table in front of her and tried not to look up at Michael. She didn't know how to approach the situation and she wanted to gauge Michael's mood before acting.

"Michael," she said softly and looked up at him. "Can you take your mask off?"

He looked away from her, something she learned meant no.

"Michael, I know you," she said. She was going to reach out to touch his sleeve but didn't. She had never, besides being carried by him quite recently, touched him. She didn't know if he would be ok with it or not. She thought, maybe, if she could see his face the terror she was feeling would subside slightly. Seeing him outside of his hospital gown was unsettling, seeing him in that mask, terrifying.

Her stomach clenched when his hand hovered over her cheek. She could feel her hands tremble and she lowered the ice from her throbbing head. When he finally pressed his palm to her face she was surprised by the warmth of him. His large hand rested on her cheek and his head tilted to the side. Once again she was at a loss. She had prided herself in her ability to analyze, understand and then predict the behaviors of psychopaths, but this was beyond her. His touch was not one to harm, nor was it one to move her. Strictly speaking, based on her analysis of Michael, the only reason he should have to touch anyone is see to his own needs.

His hand slipped down lower until it rested on the side of her neck, his thumb circling around and resting firmly on her windpipe. Charlotte swallowed hard and could feel her lips tremble. Strangulation was always a way she didn't want to go, and now she was going to be murdered by a patient, former patient she supposed. And not just that, but a patient she had worked so hard to understand. She had started her own private research before she even left high school. The moment police reports and case studies had been available for her at her college she dug even deeper into the mystery that was Michael Myers. Hell, she did her dissertation on him for God's sake.

His thumb stroked her neck slowly and she was stricken by the horrible thought that he was just savoring the moment of her death. Perhaps he did see her like any other doctor and had brought her here to torture. She bit her lip. That didn't make sense though; it wasn't in keeping with Michael's character. He was a serial murderer but he never tortured anyone.

She took in a panicked breath when she felt him apply pressure but she soon realized he was in fact pushing her to her side. She went with his guiding hand, all the while appreciating the fragility of her neck in his hand. Once her side was pressed to the couch he picked her feet up from the floor and brought them up so she was laying on the couch. Charlotte watched in silent wonder as he placed hand over her eyes gently. She understood he wanted her to go to sleep but she didn't understand why.

She hoped, when her mind was clearer and she wasn't suffering the after math of a blow to the head, she'd be able to think a little better. Perhaps figure out what it was he wanted. When he hovered his hand over her eyes a second time she shut them. She had no intention of sleeping but as soon as her eyes were shut she felt exhaustion overwhelm her. Perhaps sleep wasn't such a bad idea after all.

(())(())

8:20 am

When Michael was sure that Lottie was asleep he left the house to bury the body on the front porch. Lottie wouldn't like to see it. He dragged the body around the side of the house and dug a shallow grave with a nearby shovel. The back yard was large and covered with lush green grass but a forest, thick with trees, lay just at the edge of the property.

Once the body was buried he went in through the back door. He made his way back to the living room and sat down on the coffee table. He reached out and gently ran his fingers over the large bruise on the side of her head. He saw her forehead crinkle and he took his hand back and waited. When she didn't wake up he continued to stare at her. He didn't like watching her sleep. The muscles in her face were slack and relaxed and she looked totally at peace.

She looked dead.

And he would know, he had seen a lot of dead people. If it were not the small rise and fall of her body he would not have been able to tell the difference. The breath going in and out of her body was the only sign to Michael she was alive. His discomfort began to fade as her eyes began to shoot from side to side underneath her eyelids. He had never seen a dead body do that. Of course he had never seen anyone do that. He wanted to touch her again but he kept his hands down. He would wait until she woke up.

All the others he watched did it while the girl was awakeâ€¦|

(())(())

1:15 pm

Charlotte woke up alone and with a dull aching in her head but the worst of it had subsided. She pulled her elastic out of her messy, blood matted hair and ran her fingers through the greasy strands. She couldn't put her hair back up due to the duct tape around her wrists so she hung it over her shoulders. She listened hard for a few

moments trying to see whether Michael was in the house or not. When she heard nothing but silence she leaned forward and did her best to rip through the duct tape around her ankles.

She looked around anxiously as she pulled at the tape. Her heart pounded beneath her rib cage and she was finally able to fully appreciate the situation. She was alone with Michael Myers.; a man who had killed seventeen people, one of them his own sister. She was not under the illusion that Michael was not going to hurt her. Even at this point something small could set him off. The longer she lived, ironically, the more dangerous her situation became. Sooner or later Michael would change his mind and kill her.

When she broke through the tape her finger tips were red and sore. She ripped the tape off of her jeans and stood and began to work on her hands. She walked to the edge of the living room and looked down the hall. The house was silent and all Charlotte could hear was her own heavy breathing. She stepped into the hallway as she tried to get the tape off and managed to find the kitchen.

She found a knife sitting on the table and struggled with it as she tried to cut through the tape. It was difficult with her hands bound together but she eventually broke free. All the while listening for music Charlotte washed her face in the sink with cool water and tried to clean out her hair. Once she pulled her hair back in a ponytail she took a quick drink from the faucet to replenish her dehydrated body. When she was satisfied she made her way quickly and as silently as she could to the front of the house.

Looking out the windows she saw the front yard empty. The car Michael had driven them there with sat alone in the front of the lot and Charlotte bit her lip. She took a breath and tried to evaluate the situation. It was unlikely that Michael had taken the keys with him when he left the car. She actually in that moment had the absurd thought that she would have to remember to use that as an example in class on Monday for the impulsiveness of a psychopath. If she could get to the front seat of the car without Michael seeing her she would be able to get the hell out of there. She'd get to the police, tell them where Michael was, and hopefully he would be brought back to Denver's.

She looked around once more time and listened for movement. When she was sure there was none she opened the front door. She expected to see the dead body of the poor, former owner of this house, but the body appeared, judging by the blood stain, to have been dragged away. She hurried down the steps, surprised by the rush of cold air she was met with once outside. She looked over her shoulder as she hurried toward the car and saw no one.

She yanked the door to the Honda accord open and slid into the driver's seat and look to the ignition. She felt a wave of triumph run through her when she saw the keys still in the car. She shot her hand out to grab the handle. Instead of grabbing the door handle her hand came into contact with a solid mass of warmth and fabric. She jerked her head to the side and looked up to see her former patient looking down at her. Without a moment's hesitation she reached for the keys and tried to turn on the car.

Before she could get the car started her hand on the steering wheel was seized and she was yanked from the car. Her body hit the cold

ground hard and the wind was knocked from her lungs. She looked up at Michael as he approached her slowly, his knife held firmly in his right hand.

She crawled away from him until she managed to get on her feet and head toward the house. She had always found it annoying how in horror movies when girls were being chased by a murderer they ran into the house. When she found herself running into the house all those memories of throwing popcorn at the movie screen with friends came back. She had no choice however. She couldn't outrun Michael, even if Michael never ran. He would get her some way or another. Her only hope was to lose Michael in the house and try to get enough distance between them so that she could get back into the car.

She was halfway up the stairs when she felt his hand close around her ankle and yank her down. Her feet flew out from underneath her and he body hit the stairs hard. She cried out as Michael pulled her down toward him and she was sure he was going to kill her. Tears left her eyes as she started to breath heavy and she flipped herself over onto her back. Michael pulled her to the base of the stairs before raising the knife to her neck.

She thought it ironic the man she was fixated on would be her death. The cold steal pressed against the soft vulnerable skin of her neck and tears leaked from her eyes. She looked into Michael Myers' eyes. The eyes of death.

(())(())

2:05 pm

Michael dropped to his knees on the stairs so he straddled her legs. He noticed her sharp intake of breath when he hovered over her, his thighs gripping her lower hips and holding her in place. He watched her throat constrict under his knife and he held the blade to her neck for a few more moments. He could feel her body tremble underneath him and he felt his anger dissolve.

When he had come around the side of the house and saw his Lottie getting into the car he was consumed with rage. This was the second time she tried to leave him, first when she was fired, and now this. But now that he had her on the ground beneath him, with his knife to her throat, he knew she couldn't leave him. It eased his mind and he looked down at her.

She was _his _doctor. She couldn't leave him.

He looked down at her. His free hand touched the side of her face gently. Her skin was soft and wet and Michael tried to wipe the tears away. His hands brushed over her face and he made her stop smiling. She sniffled softly. His hand replaced his knife on her throat. Her skin was milky. Creamy. So unblemished and untouched. He wondered what it would taste like.

His hand moved lower and he trailed his fingers tips along the collar of her shirt. Her breasts would rise toward him before dripping back down away from him. He watched them and a strange burning spread through his body. It was something he had never felt before. He would sometimes feel the low hum in his body when she came to him to talk, the way she would chew on her pen or bite he thumb nail while she

thought.

He felt the pressure between his legs and frowned. It hadn't been since he was a teenager that this happened to him. He grew harder as he looked down and he was overcome with the need to touch her, the need to see what lay beneath her clothing. He could do that now. They weren't back at the hospital. He was in charge; she was his prisoner, not the other way around. She was his.

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(())(())

Charlotte remained still as he gripped the base of her shirt. When he pulled the shirt upward and revealed her smooth stomach she bit her lip to keep a cry of surprise from her lips. When his hand pressed down on the flat of her stomach Charlotte flinched and made a move to the right. Michael gripped her firmly and held her still.

"Michael," his voice was a frightened whisper. She was shocked by his actions. Never had Michael Myers ever shown any sign that he has any sexual drive. He'd been in contact with naked women, vulnerable women, and never had he acted on any baser instincts. All he wanted was to kill.

That was what she had thought until this point however, but his actions were without a doubt sexual. His intentions were clear. They were made clearer still when his hand slipped under her shirt and halted over her black, lacy bra. His eyes were swimming with heated arousal as he looked down at her and she shivered. Charlotte had been wise enough to see Michael Myers as a human being, but not wise enough to see him as a man. And Michael seemed to have discovered women as a sexual counterpart.

Her chest heaved and when his hand gave a firm, exploratory squeeze she felt hot liquid pool in her stomach. Her face flushed in horror as she realized her body was reacting to her current situation.

"Michael," she whispered and his hand relaxed on her breast. He picked up his knife and she screwed her eyes shut waiting for the blade to sink into her flesh or be dragged along her throat. Instead, she felt a tug on her shirt and the sound of ripping fabric. When she looked down her eyes widened. He was literally cutting through her clothing. He pulled the torn fabric, which had once been her shirt, and tossed it behind him.

Once again he brought his hand to her breast and gently stroked the swell of soft, blushing flesh that spilled over the front of her bra. When he gripped the top of the cup of her bra and pulled down gently her hands went to his biceps and gripped his jump suit firmly. Her eyes flew up to his and she saw him looking down at her in surprise.

She didn't push him away but instead held onto him firmly. His muscles flexed under her hands and his hand went back to her breast. She watched him explore her body, touching her firmly but with the curiosity and timidity of an inexperienced virgin. It was strange that such a vicious, powerful man could be so inexperienced in something like sex.

She actually found the idea exciting. His need was driven on instinct. Everything he was doing was what his body and mind were telling him to do, not what he had learned from another women. The unpredictability of those with mental disorders had always excited her. Knowing that those men would act on baser desires and not societies norms was deliciously frightening.

She gasped when he sliced through her bra and her breasts spilled free. He let out an audible sigh when he saw her and it was the closest she had ever heard to what his voice may have sounded like. His fingertips gently rested on the tip of her hardened nipple.

A shiver of pleasure ripped through her when he circled the pink of her breast. A grumble came from low in his throat and took the nipple between his thumb and finger. She watched as his head titled to the side. Suddenly, and without warning his fingers pinched together painfully and she cried out in pain. His fingers quickly left her nipple and he looked down at her in confusion. Her finger nails dug into his jump suit and his arm as an extension.

"That hurt, Michael," she whispered and blinked back tears. His eyes, and the skin surrounding them, looked down at her through the watch. She wished Dr. Loomis could see what he looked like now. She'd like to see him try to say he had no emotion now.

(())(())

Michael watched her eyes turn wet and he took his hand away from her. Instead of continuing to touch her breasts he pulled at the button of her jeans. He wanted to see her naked. He wanted all of her clothing gone. The more he thought about her body being covered from his view the angrier he got.

His body ached.

The throbbing between his legs was growing and he found it almost painful. Sweat was perspiring on his forehead and dripping onto his mask. He could hear his heart in his ears and his breathing seemed painfully loud inside his mask. He had never felt so out of control. He'd never felt so in need of something. Not even when he was stalking his prey. When he was killing he was at peace, nothing bothered him. This was painful. This was unyielding and demanding.

He pulled hard on her jeans. The squeak that escaped her pleased him. The way her body moved the way he wanted. Her body was small but full and curvy and Michael wanted it. He pulled the jeans down the length of her long legs before yanking on her underwear.

He often wondered what she would look like under her clothing. When she came in to talk to him, besides enjoying the sound of her voice as she spoke his name, he'd look over her small body and wonder what it would feel like to overpower her to have her to way he wanted her.

Now he finally did.

(())(())

Goosebumps spread over Charlotte's body as her skin was exposed to

the cool air. Michael's jump suit rubbing against her thighs offered a small area of warmth and as the fabric brushed against her bolts of pleasure coursed through her. Despite the pleasure her body was being bombarded with Charlotte couldn't stave off the horror that she was experiencing.

She could not fight Michael off. He was too strong and could easily overpower her. Even if she wanted to fight him off and take the risk he would kill her. She was sure of it. Michael was on a mission. His mind was set on something and he would react violently if he didn't get it.

She looked up at him. His eyes were burning and dark as they looked down at her and something was made painfully clear to Charlotte. She was about to get fucked by Michael Myers.

(())(())

A/N: I hope you guys like it.

Please tell me what you think.

I had trouble writing this chapterâ€¦|.

4. Chapter 4

****October 15th****

****2:15 pm****

Charlotte watched as Michael pulled down the zipper of his jumpsuit and reached into his pants. He had on the same blue shirt he had worn under the same jumpsuit when he had murdered all those people all those years ago. The thought flitted through her mind as he pulled out his impressively hard and throbbing erection. A sharp breath rushed into her lungs and her wrists squirmed under his firm grip.

He paid no mind to her though as he looked down at her. Even though she could not see his face she could read his body language. It was quite clear he didn't know what to do. While he probably knew how it worked, he was unsure as to how initiate the act. Based on accounts all couples he had come across had been in the middle of sexual intercourse and even if he watched the beginning actions of their copulation, it is unlikely he would have taken notes.

Charlotte's breath heaved as she waited for him to act. She screwed her eyes shut as he lowered himself closer to her body and positioned the head of his cock at her entrance. It had been years since she had sex and mixing together his inexperienced, his sociopathic nature, the size of him and his determination it was likely it would be painful. She waited for the powerful thrust and painful penetration.

(())(())

Michael felt her small body tremble underneath him and he felt his body relax slightly. Still though, his erection was throbbing painfully and he wanted nothing more to be inside of his doctor. He

had never had such an unyielding and powerful need in all of his life and he didn't even know what it would feel like.

When he pressed the head of his cock against the hot, wet junction between her legs he felt a pleasurable shiver travel down his body. The top of his head tingled and he licked his lips in anticipation. No longer willing to wait he pushed himself inside of her as he had seen other men do.

When he slid inside her warm enveloping heat he felt such an overwhelming pleasure that his mind went completely blank. His body almost slumped on top of her and let out a deep breathy moan.

When she took in a deep, distressing hiss of breath and a small cry left her lips he froze. He immediately looked up at her face to see her reaction. As hard as it had always been for him to understand people's facial expressions he knew most basic emotions, happiness he knew, along with fear, anger, and especially pain. He was quite aware that it was pain that was written all over her face and he tilted his head. He'd never seen a girl in pain during this. It was unsettling seeing his Lottie in pain and he waited.

"Just a minute, Michael," she said and he waited. Despite the trills of pleasure shooting throughout his body he managed to keep control of himself. He let go of the hand that held her wrists and pressed a finger to her cheek. She looked up at him, blinking away a tear. He didn't quite know what her face was saying to him, but her eyebrows knitted together and her lips turned downward, only just.

He dragged his finger tip down the side of her cheek, hoping the action would calm her. He thought that was what people did to take away distress. He'd seen it before. When her expression seemed to soften he grew more confident and pressed all four finger tips to her face and continued to stroke.

(())(())

When Michael had not immediately began thrusting into her she was surprised, but when he began to stroke her cheek she was flabbergasted. She had been confused at first, but she suddenly understood he was attempting to comfort her. She wished she could tell Dr. Loomis that. That the emotionless devil wanted to comfort her.

"Ok, Michael," she said and gently touched the side of his arm. She gripped his bicep and he leaned down toward her. His forearms pressed against the steps of the stairs and he got himself in a better position. When he began thrusting she still felt some romance of pain but the friction was amazing. She soon felt herself succumbing to the crippling pleasure her former patient was giving her and she moaned deep in her throat.

Michael seemed spurred on by her sounds because the more she moaned or gasped the harder his thrusts became. His body moved over her and her hands went to his back. Her palms pressed into his back and she could feel the hard muscles moving underneath them. His power engulfed her as he rocked against her and she could hear his heavy breathing in her ear.

Michael had always been susceptible to slight respiratory problems.

His breaths were low and gravelly, hoarse against her ear. Through the mask she could feel the heat of his panting breaths and she fisted the back of his jumpsuit. He did not last long. He was shorter than her shortest lover and yet when he spurted himself inside of her, which was a problem she would have to deal with later, she was more satisfied than she had ever been in her life.

When she came down from her high she began to feel the hard wooden steps digging into her soft body and shifted slightly. She had little room to move with Michael's weight settling on top of her and it seemed he had no intention to move. His back moved up and down under her hands as he breathed hard and he stayed nestled deep inside of her. She didn't know if asking him to move would anger him, but her back was beginning to ache.

(())(())

Michael never wanted to move again. What he had just experienced was more than anything he could have ever imagined in his life. He wanted to be there forever. Her arms around him. Her body around him. It felt so good. He couldn't put it into words.

He felt her wiggling beneath him and he pulled back. He could see the pain on her face and he reluctantly pulled out of her. Immediately the heat was gone and he felt himself in a sour mood. He zipped up his jumpsuit and stood up. As he did his Lottie sat up and rubbed her back and elbows gingerly. He picked up her shredded clothing before scooping her up in his arms and carrying her upstairs.

Her head pressed against his chest and he felt his bad mood dissipate. He brought her in to the biggest bedroom with the biggest bed and deposited her on the bed. He tried to get her under the blankets and grew frustrated when she refused.

"I need to shower, Michael. I need to try to clean myself out," she said and he didn't understand. He shook his head and tried to push her into the bed but she still refused. "Michael I need to shower." He looked down at her a few moments in thought. He wasn't sure what to do.

(())(())

Charlotte looked up into the white mask and tried to focus on the eyes. She would feel so much better if she could see his face. He clearly felt more comfortable with it on or else he would have removed it when they were alone. Still, the white mask was the face of the killer; his eyes at least gave her a small glimpse at the man. She reached out and touched his hand and judging by his reaction her touch pleased him.

"I'm not going anywhere Michael," she told him and rubbed her thumb over the back of his hand. He finally acquiesced and let her find the upstairs bathroom. He followed her silently as she walked into the bathroom. Since she was already naked she didn't feel the need to ask him to leave. She didn't think he would even if she did.

She pulled the curtain back to hide from his eyes and scrubbed her body. Despite knowing it wouldn't do any good she did her best to get all of his semen out of her. After she was done she let the hot water spray over her as she tried to think.

This situation was completely and horrifyingly disturbing. She couldn't help but remember that she was in another person's house, a person that Michael had murdered right in front of her. Her head began to ache and exhaustion overtook her. She almost wished she had let Michael put her to bed like he wanted to do.

She slid down the wall of the shower and sat down a moment, trying to give her aching legs some relief. She didn't know how she was going to get out of this situation. She didn't even know what outcome she wanted. She certainly wanted to be able to continue treated Michael, but she couldn't see a way she could get out of this and have that be an option. Especially if anyone found out what had just conspired between them.

The warm spray felt good against her bruised skin and she took a deep breath. Slowly, and without any conscious knowledge, she began to fall asleep.

(())(())

3:45 pm

Michael became impatient and he walked toward the shower. When he pushed aside the curtain he looked down Lottie and stared at her a moment. The small rise and fall of her breasts told him she was alive. He looked over her small body a few moments and felt a strange urge to have her in his arms. He wanted to hold her. He wanted to know she wasn't going anywhere.

He turned off the water and picked up his dripping doctor. She stirred away only slightly and pressed her damp face into his hard chest. Taking a nearby towel and awkwardly patting her dry she came in and out of consciousness. When he got back to the bed he did not immediately put her under the covers but instead sat down. He kept her body close to his and looked down at her face.

A powerful wave of possessiveness flowed through his veins and settled in the center of his chest. His arms tightened around her as he felt the emotion surge through him and his forehead knitted together. He wanted to be inside of her again. He felt the hardness returning between his legs and his hold on her tightened even more. His hold became crushing and he watched Lottie's groggy eyes open up and look at him.

"That hurt's Michael," she said but he didn't know what she meant. In an attempt to calm her he squeezed her in his arms. "Too tight Michael, too tight!"

He immediately let go of her and she rubbed her arms. His body tensed up under her and he felt anger at her and himself for the situation. He felt his anger flare and grow but the soft touch of her hand on his arm calmed him.

"You're too strong to hold me that tight," she said and he understood. He decided it was an appropriate time to put her in bed. He pushed her in the covers and had her lay her head down on the pillows. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and waited for her to fall asleep.

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Charlotte waited for Michael to leave before she shut her eyes but he never did. Instead, he sat down staring at her, his blank white face giving her nothing to work with. Perhaps that was why he kept the mask on around her. It might be his way of preventing her from reading his facial expressions. Or perhaps he merely felt more secure with the mask on.

Either way it was detrimental to her understanding of the situation. All she had were his eyes, and at the moment they were telling her nothing. Slowly, she closed her eyes. Every few moments or so she would open her eyes and look up at her captor. He seemed quite content watching her and eventually to time between her opening her eyes grew longer and longer until eventually they stayed closed.

As she drifted off the sleep she wondered if Michael would still be watching her when she woke up.

(())(())

So sorry I took so long! School has been nuts. Anyway, I hope to have more chapter up soon. I haven't forgotten about this story!

Finals are almost over and then I'm on winter break so lots of writing!

Thanks to those who are still with me. Please review!

5. Chapter 5

****October 16th ****

****9:25 am****

When Charlotte's eyes opened the first thing she saw was Michael sitting on the side of the bed and staring at her. She started slightly at seeing him but soon calmed down. Michael's head tilted to the side and he looked at her patiently. Charlotte pulled the blankets up over her to shield her naked body from his view and he didn't seem to mind. Her head was still throbbing and her body ached all over. She was sure her back was covered in bruises from their earlier activities on the hard wooden staircase and she still had a large bump and bruise on the top of her head.

"Michael, I need something to wear," she said but he did nothing. "I need clothing Michael."

He got up from the bed and went to the drawers on the far side of the bedroom. Charlotte shook her head at him as he offered her some clothes. She couldn't wear the clothes of the man Michael had killed hours earlier. Not only did she have a moral and ethical problem with it, it was just creepy. Michael looked down at the clothes she had rejected a moment before putting them back in the dresser. When he grabbed the zipper of his jumpsuit and pulled it down she had a terrifying moment of thought that he planned on taking her again. She didn't think her body could take another go at the moment, and while there were no doubts he would want her again she had hoped it wouldn't have been for a few days.

She pushed herself back into the headboard and was going to ask Michael to wait when he took the blue t-shirt he wore off and handed it to her. She took the warm blue fabric from his hands and her eyes glided over his bare torso before he zipped the jumpsuit back up. Doing her best to keep herself covered she slid the warm shirt over her head. It only came down to mid thigh but she was satisfied with it. It was better than being naked or wearing the murdered red neck's clothing.

"Thank you, Michael," she said and ran her hand through her dry hair. Noting the lack of dampness in her hair it occurred to her that she must have been asleep for quite some time. More than twelve hours at least. She took her elastic she had placed around her wrist and tied up her hair in a pony tail. Once she was done Michael pulled the blankets off of her and she gasped as the cool air hit her.

She slipped out of bed, it seemed that was what Michael wanted, and he turned and left the bedroom. Charlotte followed him and her bare feet pattered against the floor softly. When they got downstairs Charlotte was given an explanation for the cold when she saw the fire had died out.

"Michael, the fire is dead," she said but continued to follow him into the small but cozy kitchen. On the table it appeared Michael had spread out all the food the old man had in the pantry and fridge on the table. Michael motioned toward the food and then put a hand on his stomach. "You're hungry?" she asked and he nodded. Then he reached out and touched her stomach gently. "Yeah, I'm hungry too." She shivered and looked at the food. "How about this Michael, you go out and get some wood, and restart the fire to keep us warm, and I'll make us something to eat. Ok?"

Michael remained silent but turned and left. Taking the action as an affirmation Charlotte began to put the food back into the pantry and fridge. To hungry to make a large dinner Charlotte took out two hamburgers and found a pan to cook them in. From the kitchen stove she could see into the backyard perfectly. She stared out the window as the hamburgers cooked. Her eyes scanned the tree line looking for any places she could easily slip into.

The forest looked dense but she doubted she would be able to get far on foot. Her only hope was that car. She still didn't think Michael took the keys out of the car. The door was probably still open with the keys in the ignition. She'd wait till he was asleep and make her move. Michael would sometimes stay up for days at a time, but when he did sleep it was deeply and soundly. That would be the best time to get away. Despite Michael's lack of desire to kill her she still felt less than secure about her situation. She didn't understand why Michael killed, as much as that bothered her, and she didn't know what would set him off.

She was taken out of her thoughts when she saw Michael walk across the back yard. His steps were slow and steady. He was in no rush. He never was. He got to the pile of stacked wood at the far side of the yard and looked from side to side at the stack of wood. She flipped over the burgers but didn't take her eyes away from the serial killer. He grabbed four, large pieces of dried wood from the stack and turned. He must have seen her in the window because he stopped. Even though she could not see his eyes she knew he was looking at

her. She looked down to check the burgers and when she looked up he was gone.

She shivered violently as the cool air wafted over her bare legs and arms. Michael's shirt was still warm from his body but the house had gotten so cold it made little difference. She would have to ask Michael for her jeans back. They were the only article of clothing she had that he hadn't sliced through with his knife.

She entered the small living area with the two hamburgers and saw Michael kneeling in front of the fire staring into the growing flames. His head was tilted to the side as he watched the flames lick the top of the fire place. If he heard Charlotte enter the room he gave no indication and remained kneeling as she placed the food on the table and sat down on the couch. His shoulders were set back straight and Charlotte licked her dry lips.

"Michael, I have some food," she said and Michael stayed kneeling. You never knew what you were going to get with Michael Myers. Some days back at the hospital he had been responsive, never vocally, but responsive none the less. Other days he was shut down and reserved. He seemed to be in one of those moods now and Charlotte took a tentative bite of her hamburger. At the hospital she had been able to push Michael without fear of retaliation. He had always been bound and incapacitated. Charlotte finished the hamburger and curled her bare legs underneath her on the couch. She was beginning to grow warmer thanks to the fire but she felt horribly vulnerable in just the large shirt. "You should eat," she waited a moment before adding a soft, "Michael?"

He responded to her most often when she used his name. He seemed to like hearing it and so she had taken to using it whenever she spoke to him. He slowly rose from the floor and turned toward her. He looked down at the table and the hamburger she had made for him. Charlotte kept herself from shying away when he sat down next to her. She watched as he reached out and took the plate in his hand and brought it to his lap. She stared at his hands as he did so. His hands, to her, were what demonized and humanized him. How many people had he killed with those hands? And yet, as she looked at them, just his hands, they looked so normal, like they would be on anyone else's body, that she felt an ache of loss for the man he could have been.

One of his hands touched the burger before he turned his back to her on the couch. Once his body was pivoted so she could not see his face he brought up his hands and removed his mask. Once she saw his short, but thick hair she felt better. His hair was the color of a deep, rich chestnut that matched his eyes beautifully. She had always thought it a shame such a handsome man could be so broken. She reached out timidly to touch his shoulder.

"You don't have to hide your face from me, Michael," she said but the moment she touched him he jerked away and the plate in his lap clattered onto the floor, the food along with it. Charlotte pulled back abruptly and bit her lip. "I'm sorry Michael."

Michael silently reached down for his hamburger and brought it back up to his lap. Occasionally, with a turn of his head as he chewed she would see his ear or the outline of his strong jaw. He was careful to keep his face from her though and Charlotte was at a loss as to why.

She had seen him countless times before. She'd sat across him for two hours every day for nearly a month. He wouldn't be thinking ahead of the possibility of her IDing him. Even if he was he would know that she already knew his face. There were pictures of him at the hospital taken during intake and every year on his birthday.

A possibility was that he was self conscious, but sociopaths wouldn't have those types of worries. She attributed it more to a mixture of Schizotypal personality disorder and anti-social personality disorder. Signs of which he displayed for both. He couldn't gage reactions of people or understand more complex emotions and would feel uncomfortable or anxious during interactions with other people. It was probably why he preferred wearing a mask. His way of hiding himself from the world.

When he was done eating he put the plate on the table and pulled the mask over his face. When he turned around to look at her, his eyes conveyed to her his next course of action, clearly, absolutely, and incontestably.

(())(())

11:30 am

After eating Michael turned to look at his doctor. He felt the hardness returning between his legs and he wanted to relive the experience of yesterday. He reached out and touched the smooth, soft skin of her calf. He felt her start underneath his hand but it meant nothing to him. His one-track mind was focused on the feel of her skin beneath his hand.

He dragged his hand up her calf and stopped at her knee. He felt the bottom of his shirt and pushed it up slowly. The sight of her in his shirt pleased him. It made a small little burn in the center of his chest that he couldn't explain and his fingers tightened around her thigh. In a split second decision he pulled on her leg and she slid down onto the couch. His shirt bunched up around her exposing her from her belly button down. His eyes raked over the creamy white skin and his mouth went dry. He'd always wondered why humans took part in the physical act. It had always seemed to him pointless. It put them in such a vulnerable position and he had never thought the pleasure worth the risk. Now he understood.

With no desire to wait any longer he pulled on the zipper of his jumpsuit revealing a small glimpse of his lean body. Being so immobile he had always run the risk of becoming soft and overweight but he seemed to have a naturally fast metabolism. That was what he had heard the doctors say anyway.

When he reached into the mechanic uniform he pulled out his hard thick erection and placed it against his doctor again. Her warmth seemed to beckon him to her and he pushed inside in a single hard thrust. His eyes closed tightly and he took in a deep breath. Her small hands grabbed the front of his jumpsuit and her knuckles grazed his chest. Her hands were cold against his skin and he pushed himself further down onto her. He couldn't get close enough to her. He wanted more.

He hips bucked against her with unsteady thrusts varying in level of force. Moans left her throat that he couldn't place and so he

continued. She didn't push him away, which would have only angered him, and she indeed was pulling him closer. Again, he felt himself overcome with an incredibly strong blast of pleasure and afterward he felt spent. He let his weight relax slightly on top of his doctor, still mindful of her small body, and closed his eyes.

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Michael's budding habit of remaining on top of her after sex was not as painful as she lay on the soft couch. The pressure of his body weight was not painful and she made no move to nudge him off of her. After a few moments she timidly reached up and placed her hands on his back and rubbed slightly. She hoped to build an emotional attachment with him that would make it less likely he would kill her. As it was she seemed to have done so at the hospital, at least at a minor level. He hadn't killed her after all and she doubted that when he kidnapped her it was with the intention of sex. His head lowered down to the couch next to her head and the fake hair of the mask brushed against her cheek.

All the while careful that Michael could not mistake her intentions; she reached up and touched the hot skin of his neck. She made sure to steer clear of the mask. He would react violently if he thought she was trying to remove it. Instead, she gently ran her finger nails over the warm skin in a soothing gesture. It seemed to have the intended consequence because she heard a soft hum coming from Michael's throat.

When Michael had first began touching her she almost found it amusing. Men were all the same, even psychopaths. Warmth, food and sex. That was all they wanted. Well, warmth, food and sex and sleep. Hopefully that would be his next step. It would make sense to her that this would be his next course of action. After all, with no one to kill, (except her), it would make sense for him to see to his basest human needs.

"Are you tired, Michael?" she asked him and he did nothing. She continued to stroke the back of his neck and turned her face toward his mask. Her skin touched the cold rubber and she bit her lip. "I think you should sleep." He pulled back and looked into her eyes a moment. She tried to hold eye contact but struggled. His eyes were questioning and his head tilted to the side. A few moments passed before he nodded and pulled out of her. He placed himself back into his jumpsuit and got up from the couch. He went into the kitchen and she heard rummaging around for a few moments. When he returned he had with him a roll of duct tape and Charlotte shook her head.

"Michael, you don't need to tie me up, please." He did not react to her plea and he grabbed her wrists. She tried to pull away from him but he yanked her back and she almost fell off the couch. When several layers of duct tape were around her wrists he moved to her ankles but Charlotte pulled her feet away from him and got onto her knees on the couch. Michael hesitated and remained still when she placed her bound wrists at Michael's chest. As she kneeled, Charlotte could feel Michael's seed dripping down her legs and onto the couch.

"Let me put my jeans on Michael. It will hurt too much on my skin. Plus, it's still so cold."

Michael looked behind him before turning and walking out of the room. Charlotte tried to wipe her thigh clean with her bound hands but found that only made the problem worse. While cleaning herself off she tried to fight down the growing fear of getting pregnant with Michael Myer's child. The thought was terrifying. Michael most likely didn't even think of the possibility. When Michael came back he had her jeans in his hands and Charlotte let out a breath of relief.

She struggled to put them on herself and eventually Michael took them from her. She helped him slide each leg into the jeans before buttoning them herself. She squeaked when he scooped her up in his arms and carried her out of the room and upstairs. He deposited her on the bed before walking around to the other side. He lay down on top of the covers, leaving his boots and mask on. He lay flat on his back and closed his eyes.

Charlotte watched him fall into sleep and let a deep sigh escape her. She pulled at her wrists but there was no way she was going to get out of the tape. She sagged against the bed in defeat. She was going to have to be patient if she wanted to get out of this alive. No escape attempts for a while, and then maybe he would stop tying her up. Then she would make her move.

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A/N: I hope you guys still like the story. Please review. They inspire me and make me write more. :-) I always want to please my readers with fast updates.

Thanks for reading

Please review!

6. Chapter 6

Michael lay in bed staring out the nearby bedroom window for a long time before turning over. He stared out at the orange and yellow leaves and watched them slowly fall to the ground. He had loved looking out the window when he had been younger. He had been content to sit in his room and look out at the world beyond Smith's Grove Sanatorium. It had given his mind a place to go and days would blur into one another and it was a blink of an eye before his next birthday. He would think about a lot of things. His sister Judith, the baby sister he had left behind, and his parents. His parents stopped visiting him after only a few months. He didn't know why they had stopped coming, only that one week he never saw them again.

In the beginning he used to think about playing with his sisters or other family. Soon though those memories began to fade, and by the time he was eleven he remembered little of his life. All he knew was the hospital, the doctors and nurses. Loomis took the longest to give up on him, but like everyone else, he eventually did. One day he came in and told him he would be moving to a new room. He was told how great it would be and that he would like it much better. When he got into the room the first thing he saw was that it was lacking a window. That was only a few days before Loomis told him that he would be requesting the court upon his thirteenth birthday, to maintain his current incarceration.

Like he did with everything else, Michael remained silent, but that didn't mean, contrary to Loomis' belief, that he wasn't thinking it over. The only person who ever gave him any credit for personal, high thought was Lottie. She told him from the beginning she knew he was in his mind somewhere and that it was up to him to speak to her. She had asked so many times for him to speak and he had considered it, but eventually decided not to. He wasn't sure he even remembered how. It had been nearly thirty years. He knew he could make noise, his vocal cords worked fine, and he understood and could form English thoughts, but he didn't know if he would vocalize them.

When he was brought back from the hospital the first time Loomis stopped seeing him all together. He tried to keep him locked up from afar. He had a long list of doctors, most lasting little more than a month. They were all like Loomis though. Except for Lottie. She was special. She used his name. She took care of him.

She took care of him back at the hospital, turning his heat on, getting more blankets, giving him the TV. And now she took even better care of him. Thinking of how well she took care of him brought an aching stiffness between his legs and he brought a hand down to push down on it so it would go away. When it persisted he took his eyes away from the window and rolled over toward Lottie. When he turned he saw the other side of the bed empty. Putting his hand down he could feel the comforter was cold and he wasted little time. Standing up he made his way slowly, but with intent, toward the door. He needed to get to the care. That was where she went last time she tried to leave him.

Before he could get to the door he heard a loud bang, followed by a quieter thud. It came from the adjoining bathroom and he waited, his eyes glued to the door. Half a second later the door knob turned and slowly swung open to reveal Lottie on the ground. She pushed on the door with her bound hands, and scooted herself out of the bathroom.

"Fucking door," he heard her muffled whisper and he tilted his head. "Fucking tape..fucking toiletâ€¦fucking jeans."

As she started to make her way across the room on the floor she looked up toward the bed. Michael saw the look of panic on her face as she saw the empty piece of furniture and a moment later her eyes on her on. Her soft, pink lips parted and her eyes widened in fear.

"I wasn't trying to leave Michael. I promise!" she cried and Michael looked back toward the bed. "I had to go to the bathroom and you were sleeping for so long."

No longer angry Michael walked toward her and scooped her up in his arms and carried her back to the bed.

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It didn't take long to know what Michael was after. His hands pulled at the tape around her ankles until it was off and he quickly went to tug on her jeans. She helped slip them off, which was difficult with bound wrists and watched silently as he unzipped his jumpsuit. Her jeans were discarded on the floor and, lacking underwear, Charlotte

was open to his gaze. It was during times like this that she wished most desperately that he wasn't wearing a mask. She'd love to know if he were acting on pure primal instinct, or if there was a deeper sexual attraction in his eyes. Either way she knew she couldn't fight him off, even if she wanted too. He was far too strong to over power, and he were likely to kill her if he didn't think she was so compliant.

The part of her that was a clinical psychologist felt a small ache of guilt in her chest at the thought of gaining Michael's trust and then leaving him—in a sense, betraying him. However, the part of her that wanted to survive outweighed her ethical duty to a patient and she felt that under the circumstances, he had given up that right. Still, so much of her time had been spent on Michael that she had, against all advice a criminal psychologist could get, grew obsessed, infatuation even, with Michael Myers.

She was even disgusted, as she knew full well she should have been, when Michael pushed his impressive erection inside of her and let out a deep grunt. Instead, other than the thought of how good he felt, she focused on the fact that that grunt was probably, in all likelihood, the closest she would ever come to hearing him speak. That had been one of her goals when first becoming his doctor. She wanted so badly to hear him speak, and be the one that got him to do it. However, that seemed unlikely now. It'd been nearly thirty years. She was silly to assume he would speak again. He thrust in and out of her, fast and hard and his grip on her hips was bruising. She let out a moan and his head, which was angled downward, as if he were watching himself push in and out of her, snapped up at her.

"It feels good, Michael," she told him and his hips, which had slowed slightly, sped back up. Charlotte was disturbed with how much she enjoyed sex with Michael. It was almost animalistic in nature. There was no foreplay, which she hated to admit she was contemplating teaching him if she were to be his sex outlet for the next few weeks—months even. He just thrust into her, not stopping until his goal was accomplished. His thrusts were hard and fast, his grip on her firm. His pants seemed louder as they collided with the rubber mask and she could feel his thrusts change as he neared completion.

He spilled himself inside her, not considering the possible consequences of doing so. He quickly rezipped his jumpsuit, took a step back from Charlotte and turned to walk away. Charlotte, taking a moment to recover, threw her jeans back on and followed him. She caught up with him as he was entering the living room and watched him add a log. When he turned to look at her she had the overwhelming and unbelievable feeling that he was looking for her approval. She smiled at him and nodded.

"Thank you Michael. It was getting cold," she said and he went to sit down on the chair. His eyes stared at her hard behind the mask and she went to sit down on the couch. She crossed her legs and bit her lip. "Michael, can I ask you something?"

He tilted his head to the side but other than that did nothing. Charlotte sighed and nodded.

"Ok, so. How much do you know about...sex Michael?" she asked and he stayed still. "You know that when a man and woman have sex, and don't

use protection, that the woman can get pregnant."

She waited and licked her lips.

"I need you to perhaps, let me go get something to make sure that doesn't happen," she said and she looked at him. She touched her lips with her hand and thought of the best way to put it. "Condoms Michael? They-"

She cut off and tried to think about whether he would even know what those were. He had been hospitalized since he was six. She highly doubted he ever had sex ed.

"You put them on your penis. It stops your semen from entering me," she said and felt her cheeks turn pink. "A baby would be bad right now Michael. We wouldn't be able to move as quickly if we need to run away."

Michael tilted his head to the side and Charlotte bit her lip again.

"If I get pregnant you can't touch me anymore," she said. She flinched when he reached out, his knees violently hitting the coffee table and he grabbed her wrist in a bruising grip. "I don't want that to happen Michael. See, I want you to touch me, but if I get pregnant I can't."

He looked at her and she could see his eyes, wide and questioning but also hard and austere. He looked over at the stairs and stood up. Charlotte was about to get up and follow him but he pushed down on her shoulders and she sat back down on the couch. She chewed on her bottom lip for what felt like a long time before she heard Michael back on the stairs. She looked up toward the stores and prepared to speak but her words died on her lips.

Michael came around the corner in a pair of jeans that were a size too big and a large flannel shirt. His mask was in his hands and walked toward her with a blank expression. He stopped just a few feet in front of her and held the mask out for her. She took it in her hand and lowered it to her lap. In his other hand came the roll of duck tape and Charlotte tried to scoot away from him. She never got the chance to protest because a piece of duck tape was placed over her mouth. Her wrists were shortly after bound, followed by her ankles. She was not surprised by his actions, but she was shocked when he picked her up and carried her to the closet. She protested against the tape but Michael made no response.

His face was blank and his eyes were void of emotion. He looked her over before pulling away and closing the closet door, leaving her alone and bound in the dark closet.

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The man's clothing was uncomfortable and itchy and he felt open and vulnerable without his mask. He made sure Lottie couldn't leave before he got into the car to leave. She was talking about not letting him touch her. That must mean she might try to leave. He certainly wasn't going to give her the chance. He was in the car for nearly an hour before coming to the nearest convenient store and he walked in stiffly. He passed a newspaper which had his name in the

headline, not that he saw. He was on a mission.

He wandered around the store for nearly a half hour. A man had asked him what he needed. Michael's response was to stare before turning and walking away. Finally he found the sections with the condoms. Loomis had attempted to teach him to read for the first few years of their sessions. Michael had listened, he had paid attention, and he had learned. Loomis would never know that though. He had never given him any indication he knew what was going on.

He picked up two boxes in each hand and frowned.

"Need some help buddy?" a young man, probably around seventeen asked. "I'd go with these."

He pointed at another box on the rack and smiled. Michael lowered the hands that held the other two boxes and looked at the other.

"Chicks dig um, know what I'm sayin'?" he laughed and nudged Michael in the ribs playfully. Michael turned to look at him before picking up the box. If girls liked them then Charlotte would too. He wished he knew what they were.

He paid with the dead man's money. As he got to the cashier the man tried to make small talk. Michael looked him right in the eye but said absolutely nothing. The cashier immediately quieted down and handled him in receipt and bag.

"Have a good day," he said and Michael looked back at him as he got to the door. He had the overwhelming, burning desire to kill the man, but he kept himself in check. He couldn't draw attention just yet. Not while Charlotte was back at home in the closet.

He got back into the car and sped back to the house. He was proud of his purchase and wanted to know Lottie that if she asked for something he would give it to her. As long as she stayed and did what he wanted. As he drove home his knuckles tightened around the steering wheel. For the first time in his life, he was excited.

(())(())

A/N: Sorry! I know it's short and it's been waaay to long. I just got so busy. Honestly it's a bad excuse BUT I hope to update much more regularly and It will be much longer next time.

Please review and tell me what you think? Hope you guys are still with me!

7. Authors Note

I have reposted this story on another account. I am going to be deleting the stories on this account soon, so if you want to see updates it will be on the other account. It's on the same site so just check out the Halloween archive. It's the same story.

And I do not want anyone to think that I stole the story from myself, so the new account this story is under is indeed me.

Thanks!

End
file.